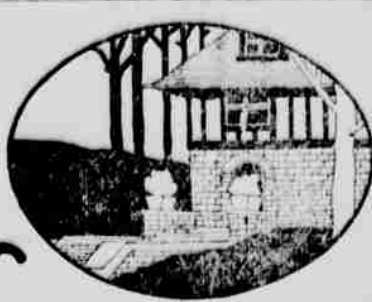




THE HOME CIRCLE PAGE

EDITED BY LILIAN CRAIGEN ADAMS



DUVETYN AND VELVET TO BE WORN

DUVETYN, if the prophets of fashion speak the truth, will be a popular fabric for tailored suits again this winter. It was popular enough last winter but alas, toward spring it lost some of its prestige or its wearing qualities had by then been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

The new duvetyne, the manufacturer

will have a great vogue. These too will be long and redingote-like, if the term is permissible, and will be worn over one-piece gowns of silk; a sort of three-piece suit instead of the old two-piece one.

One-piece gowns of serge and silk are popular and some of them are very attractive. A serge suit shown at an opening recently had a medium length coat which buttoned at the throat with one large button, and was

continued at the waist with a rather wide belt fastened with two buttons. The skirt was perfectly plain, wide and short, and there were a turn-over collar and cuffs of velvet. In spite of its plainness this was both a smart and a becoming model and would do excellently either for the school girl or for her mother for autumn wear and until the hurried French dress-makers decide between cannon shots exactly what the winter styles will be.

with carfare; with the amount of company the family might have, and for what services extra pay should be given.

It was all very explicit and it was agreed that any woman who failed to follow these rules was to be considered dishonorable and to be boycotted by the rest. But up to this time every housekeeper has clung to them like grim death for her own preservation, and since the organization was formed there has been peace at Lonesomehurst at least in those homes in which a maid of all-work is employed, which shows that in union there is strength exactly as the copy-books tell us.



A Sort of Convention Hall in Which To Make Conspiracies Against The Peace of Mind of Mistresses.

A PROBLEM SOLVED

OR WHY THE LONESOMEHURST LADIES ORGANIZED A HOUSE-KEEPERS' LEAGUE.

AT Lonesomehurst they have given up the Hardy Garden Club in order to form the Housekeepers' League for there was not time for both. The Hardy Garden Club was a delightful organization, too, but it is easier to do without flowers than without servants and it was in order to preserve the integrity of the latter class that the Housekeepers' League was formed.

Lonesomehurst has among its inhabitants a number of young couples of moderate means who keep but one maid apiece; these maids met occasionally on the trains going into the city, became acquainted in these chance meetings and exchanged confidences concerning wages, the hours they had off, the amount of work they had to do and so on and on. Practically all of them are colored women and so they use the coach reserved for negroes on the railroad, as a sort of convention hall in which to hold meetings, formulate plans, and make conspiracies against the

peace of mind of mistresses. Thereafter Lonesomehurst was an agitated village for Mrs. Smith's maid who went in usually on the 9:14 communicated that fact to Mrs. Jones' maid, who got off only in time for the 10:41 and rendered the latter very discontented. Moreover when Mrs. Brown's maid heard that Mrs. Robinson's received \$6 a week and carfare on Thursdays and Sundays, instead of \$5 a week and carfare on Thursdays only as in her case, she was cut to the quick and gave notice at once.

For a full month the ladies of Lonesomehurst were in a state of constantly getting in new maids and as constantly losing them again, and were suffering agonies of mind in consequence when someone thought of the Housekeepers' League, and that organization was instantly formed. Then those housekeepers who kept but one maid met in conference at the house of Mrs. Jones and formed a set of Medes-and-Persians sort of rules to govern servants. These had to do with wages, with the hours of going off duty and the hours for return; with Sunday privileges;

PITY THE POOR PARENT

PITY now the sorrows of the poor old father who has to select a form of education for his young child. Feel compassion for the ardent mother who hesitates uncertainly between Montessori and Froebel and just plain learning!

Time was when no such problems presented themselves to parents. When it was time for Lucinda and George, aged respectively five and six, to go to school they were sent without argument or prayerful consideration to Miss Smith's Private Academy for Young Children on a nearby corner.

The sole qualification of Miss Smith for teaching was the fact that she was an orphan and needed the money. If she had ever heard the word Pedagogy she probably thought it was a disease. Her own education, which was of the slightest, had been obtained at the knee of an aunt who was more interested in the slippers upon the toes of which she was embroidering roses than upon arithmetic and English.

But as everyone knows in those days, it required no skill whatever to instruct and train the minds of young children and so Lucinda and George were sent to Miss Smith as a matter of course and spent a year in her classroom in such fascinating employment as learning the alphabet and playing it-fall-toe.

But the way of the modern parent is far, far more complex than was that of the one just described. In this highly specialized era the parent must choose not only the school to which his little ones are to go but the method of their education as well; and with the greatest care.

Come to his door an ingratiating lady with a somewhat careworn look who says: "I have come to ask that you permit Richard and Evelyn to

join my classes. I feel that when you understand my method of teaching you will realize that mine is the natural one and the only proper one for your spirited little ones. By my method the child is allowed to develop his individuality. We have no inflexible rules; we do not direct and force the pupil blindly to follow our lead; the child directs and we follow. He thus develops initiative; his soul soars; his mind quickens. We never say 'don't,' we say 'do.' We never interfere with his actions."

"But suppose," asks the puzzled parent, "my son should wish to hang head downward from the chandelier during lessons, would you permit that?"

The careworn lady shakes her head. "Boys are so queer, one never knows—"

"—she begins, and then remembering her role she adds hastily, "the impulses of children must not be checked if they are to develop originality. I should see that he was not

by the time they are fifteen."

"Discipline!" she echoes. "Oh yes, we maintain discipline, but without anyone knowing it, least of all the children."

The next applicant is a man. "Send your children to me," he says, "and you will never regret it. I teach them Latin first, then Greek and then English as is the proper sequence. I have pupils who can read Caesar, and who do not know the English words of one syllable. It's a great system. I'll have them both at Columbia by the time they are 14."

There are a half-dozen of such visitors to even the humblest parents of today before the new school term opens. The methods by which they aim to make a man of Richard and a woman of Evelyn are as diverse as day and night. Yet each is the best, the most wonderful system of education ever discovered; this natural method; the new and God-given method. The queerer it is the more original.



Suppose My Son Should Wish To Hang From The Chandelier

hurry." The next applicant for Richard and Evelyn as scholars explains that according to her system those youngsters will be brought to a state of wondrous erudition by means of play—directed play. "They will have no idea that they are in school," she murmurs, "and yet they will be absorbing knowledge through their games that will fit them for college

spoon."

THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER SAYS



THAT the thoughts of the average mother are now turning toward the children's lunch basket, for school has commenced and all of the shining, morning faces are turned toward the little red school-

house. The luncheon of pickles, cake and pie given to some children for their mid-day repast is, she declares, a thing to make the angels weep and she bids that at least as much thought should be given to the contents of that basket as to the stay-at-home folks luncheon. Too often, the young housekeeper says, no preparation is made for the school lunch, whatever is found in the refrigerator is used for it and the crochets are slid in with unheeded sweetness and then great surprise is expressed that the youngsters develop indiges-

tion. THAT it is no easy thing to make an appetizing luncheon; it requires a certain amount both of labor and of thought to arrange for these things day after day. However, it can be done. Children should have meat but once a day, the young housekeeper thinks, and therefore there must be something to take its place at the mid-day meal. Egg sandwiches for instance! Not fried egg sandwiches, dear me no. Boil the eggs and chop fine, season with pepper and salt, mix with mayonnaise and spread on buttered slices of brown or whole wheat bread. Another excellent substitute for meat is peanut butter. Since the peanut butter sandwich is often rather dry care should be taken to butter thickly the bread upon which it is to be spread, or to mix the peanut butter with cream. It must be remembered that bread and butter alone form a perfect food and is very delicious if there is a mug of rich milk to be taken with it.

Tomato sandwiches will do excellently for the school basket provided that they are wrapped in oiled paper so that they are not unappetizingly messy when they emerge therefrom. Cold meats from the day before's dinner may be utilized by putting them through the meat chopper, seasoning and mixing with mayonnaise before spreading.

Pastry should not enter into the luncheon basket. When a sweet is desired not bread, sweet and crisp, or raisin loaf made at home may be substituted. Or raisins, dates and chopped fine and placed between buttered slices of white bread will be relished and are appetizing.

If any cake must be included it should be some simple one such as sponge or cup cake.

But whatever the lunch basket holds the things should be daintily put up and neatly seasoned. A liberal use of oiled paper, of jelly glasses with tin tops, and of paper napkins will insure neatness.

The Townbreds and their Country Place

By Edward Riddle Padgett

"Help" --- and Help!

THE question of securing "help" in the country is almost invariably a problem which has as its solution the call of "Help!"

It is the securing of competent help that you, but of "help" of the Townbreds, having had the hired man, and Virgie, his wife, from the very day of their arrival from the city to Five Oaks, had realized how extremely fortunate they were. Indeed, both faithful servants remained permanently.

Evening a short while ago, however, unexpected happened, the hired household that evening for a few days at least, and the problem which always was important and so discouraging to country life.

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It Was A Scared John, Too.

old fat Beulah was puttering around with the pots and pans.

"Beulah!" she exclaimed. "I forgot all about it, but we've invited some friends for dinner—can you cook a real nice dinner for them?"

"Kin Ah cook a nice dinner!" laughed fat Beulah, her arms akimbo and her shiny black face a grin from ear to ear. "Lawd's sakes, honey, jes you tell old Beulah what you wants for dinner an' de Angel Gabriel ain't gwine turn up his nose at it—no ma'am not even de Angel Gabriel!"

Mrs. Townbred smiled. "Yes, I don't doubt that, Beulah, for I've heard of your cooking. But there's more to a dinner than that, you know. It must be served properly. Do you know how to serve?"

Beulah's honest countenance wore a frown of perplexity. Suddenly it broke into a grin again. "Ah usually jes sets de dishes on de table, ma'am."

She explained, "an' lets dem he's demselves. But I 'spects you means passin' de dinner around wid style? Ef dat's what you wants Ah can't do nothin' like that—Ah wasn't riz to it, ma'am. But Ah got a daughter

say the least, inspiring. Her hair was frizzled and stuck out here and there in desperate efforts to curl. Her cheeks had been scrubbed until they shone, and her stiffly starched white pinafore recalled the old days of the hoop-skirt. But the most impressive thing about Sophie was her omnipresent, indelible and thoroughly reckless grin, with its accompaniment of shining teeth and rolling eyeballs.

"Sophie," asked Mrs. Townbred, by way of satisfying herself, "when you are passing the potatoes, on which side of the person do you offer them?"

Sophie opened up the throttle on her grin still wider. "Ah han's de dish to dem on de left side," she answered proudly, "an' Ah says 'Take some potatoes, please'."

Sophie hesitated a moment and then, eager to display her knowledge added, "En of a son'man done drop his fork or his knife on de floor Ah picks it up but don't han' it back 'till Ah done had it wiped off in de kitchen ma'am."

"Dar! Dar, ma'am!" put in Beulah gazing at Sophie fondly. "I done told you dat gal kin pass wid style around a dinner table!"

Mrs. Townbred was tempted to offer an amendment or two, but on second thought decided that if Sophie made no more serious break than the one she had just outlined there would be no real cause for complaint. But she did explain to her exactly how she wanted the few simple courses planned to be served; and Sophie seemed to understand perfectly.

The guests came and Mrs. Townbred made opportunity to explain the existing conditions—with the idea of discounting any untoward happening.

"De dinner am done settin' on de table, ladies an' gent'men," announced Sophie grandiloquently, coming to the veranda where the Townbreds and their guests were seated.

The Campbells preserved their dignity heroically; but Mr. Townbred sneezed right out loud.

Beulah had fairly outdone herself. There had never before been on the Townbred table such fried chicken with milk gravy, such hot spoon-bread, such baked tomatoes and flaky potatoes, such corn pudding, such luscious lima beans and such old-time coffee.

Of a truth, not even the Angel Gabriel could have elevated an eyebrow, much less turn up his nose at that table.

But Sophie—ah, poor proud, eager, innocent Sophie! Like the famous cowboy, she "did her darndest" and, truly, angels could have done no more!

She served the clams without mishap—except that one clam managed to wriggle out through the ice and seek

refuge in Mr. Campbell's lap. But that gentleman very gallantly agreed with the apologetic Sophie's explanation that it wasn't "died yet" and proceeded to "kill" it with his fork—much to Sophie's relief.

Fortunately the chickens were content to admit that they had been thoroughly fried and to attempt no gymnastics. But the spoon-bread certainly

had a peculiar way of enquiring most of Sophie's thumb as it was passed to the left of each diner.

But Sophie was rattled. There could be no question about it. And when, bearing a tray of baked tomatoes, she opened the door to the dining room, her countenance was that of a soul in torment. Two steps forward and—the tomatoes flew in all directions. Sophie, you see, was not accustomed to Turkish rugs and waxed floors.

And these are but a few of the diversions Sophie provided for the Townbreds and their dinner guests. Indeed, it proved quite the most enjoyable dinner the Campbells had attended for a long time.

Dessert and coffee were served on the veranda—partly because it was the Townbreds' custom to have them there, but chiefly to get Sophie away from Turkish rugs and polished floors. And yet, despite that precaution, Sophie managed to find and trip over a flower-box, all but sending the coffee cups volplaning a la the tomatoes.

But, after all, what is a bit of indifference or even dangerous service between good friends. Nothing! The Campbells declared so promptly; and the Townbreds knew they meant it and laughed with them.

All the same when that country messenger boy came up to the house a while later with a telegram stating that John's mother had passed the danger point and that he and Virgie would be back the next evening, Mrs. Townbred breathed a sigh of relief. (Copyright, 1915, by Edward Riddle Padgett.)

LITTLE FABLES OF THE BUSINESS WORLD

The Boost and the Flareback

THERE was once a Young Man who Started Out to Make Good with the Idea Pretty Well Beat in his Head that his Success would be Measured in terms of Income. And therein, of course, he was by no means Wrong—since we all do it that way these days. But, alas, he didn't anticipate the Flareback.

When he Landed his first Regular Job at Thirty Simoleons per month he was impressed. Though he knew he didn't have All the Money in the World he did feel that he was Well Fixed. And, being a Sensible Lad, he laid out a Scheme of Expenditures by which he could pay his Rent, Ticket and Other Expenses each month and still put Two Plunks in the Tin Savings Bank on his Bureau.

A year later he was almost Paralyzed one day when the News was Broken to him Suddenly that thereafter his Pay Envelope would be Fatter each month by Twenty Dollars than it had been before.

Straightway he decided that he would Move to a Regular Boarding House with a Decent Room and two Real Meals a day. Also, instead of Nibbling on a Piece of Fruit or a

few Peanuts for lunch he felt he could Afford to patronize a Regular

Dairy and shoot a Whole Quarter over the Counter and—which was More to his Liking—he discarded the Old Tin Box and Saluted away Ten Dollars each month in a Regular Bank with Pass Books and Checks and Interest-Paying Dates.

Time went on and Our Young Hero was Boosted to Seventy-Five Iron Men each Thirty Days. This was Affluence. Now he was Somebody! And, being Such, he couldn't Afford to continue to live in that Shabby old Boarding House. Indeed, now, so he moved to a Better one. And, without knowing it, he began to Boost his Other Expenditures.

He wasn't afraid to buy a New Necktie, for instance, when the Other One could still be tied so the Frayed Part wouldn't show. Or—again for instance—if he wanted to Shoot a Dime to the Dairy Lunch for a Fancy Dessert in addition to his Regular Quarter why—he Shot it!

A Little Here and a Little more There for This or That or the Other and, to his amazement, he discovered that there Wasn't Any More left each month for the Savings Bank than there had been before the Boost. Oh, well, he reasoned, Once he Got Into the charmed One-Hundred-Per- Cent Class it would be Easy.

He got there, too, in a year or two more. But straightway, somehow, those Hundred Plunks just wouldn't Go As Far as he thought they would. For he Took Upon himself Ideas about Clothes and Girls and "Society" and Cafes. Also, he Jumped to a Boarding House Where they Dressed for Dinner.

And—alas and alack—the only thing that Went into that Bank Account for Keeps was the Chicken Feed since the rest of his Salary hopped out again Almost Instantly via the Check Route.

And then came the Finishing Touch. He got Another Boost—Four Hundred Dollars. Sixteen Hundred Per Year now, if you please! Why, on that Amount, he felt he could—

Yes, he did it! He Got Married! Also, after a while, he Closed his Account and Surrendered his Pass Book, having No Use for It!

Moral: As your Salary Increases Watch Out for the Flareback—and it isn't only Matrimony.

ETON SCHOOLBOYS' HAT IS SMART.

The silk top hat worn by the school-boy at Eton is among the shapes shown for women at the milliners' and promises to be popular. But only the very young and the very beautiful should patronize it for it will make a caricature of anyone much lower than Helen of Troy or Cleopatra.

RECEIVING TELLER.

Hopped Out Again Via The Check Route.

Her Countenance Was That Of A Soul In Torment.

Her Countenance Was That Of A Soul In Torment.